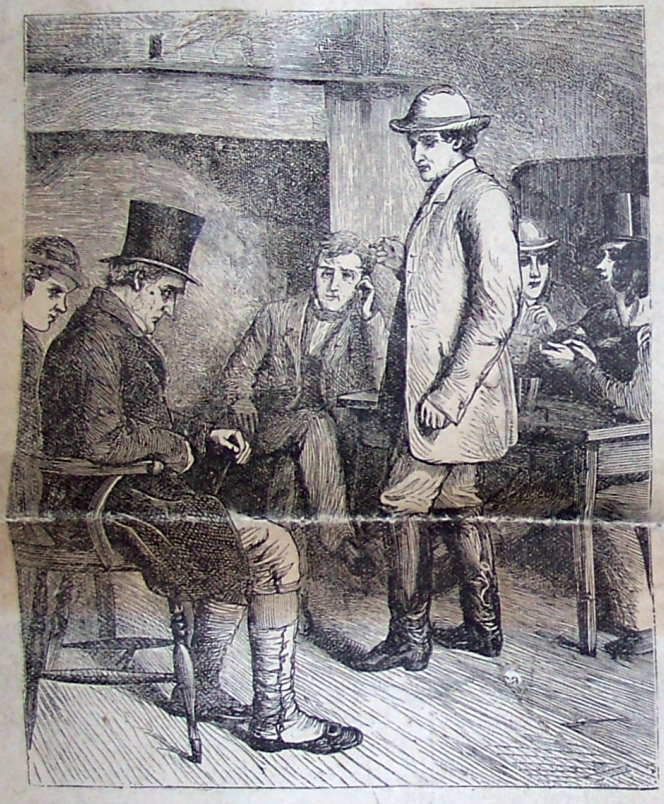
The Lily

MEYER CHI.

VOL. XXIV. T. B. ARNOLD, PUBLISHER, 104-106 FRANKLIN ST., CHICAGO. NO. 1.



AN UNEXPECTED SERMON.

AN UNEXPECTED SERMON.

A GENTLEMAN was once travelling in Virginia, and about the close of the day, he stopped at a wayside hotel for supper, and to stay all night. In a few moments a plain looking old man alighted from his buggy, and he too was there to spend the night. The gentleman saw that the old man was of the honest clever sort, so they entered the hotel together, after exchanging some words of greeting. Only a short time passed when three or four young men came in. Some, if not all of them, were young lawyers, and they were full of interest about their profession. After the usual arrangements were made for their entertainment, they were all seated and the conversation was begun by one of the young lawyers about an eloquent harangue that had been that day delivered at the bar. Another young man replied that he had heard the same day, eloquence equal to it, but it came from the pulpit instead of the court room. This reply aroused the first speaker, and he jeered at pulpit eloquence. This stirred the company of young men into an excited discussion. The Christian religion was discussed thoroughly from six o'clock until eleven. Every argument for and against it was brought forth. While some declared there was good in it, others would argue against it, in lawyer style. The old gentleman had not entered into any of their arguments, but sat quietly listening. He noted each point in their argument and drew his own conclusions about the destiny of each young man according to his principles. And adding to his own stock of knowledge while he thus studied human nature. While he sat there his heart was stirred, and he prepared an argument for them which he knew could not be resisted, for in his breast he held firmly fixed the principles and experience of true religion. There seemed to be no hope of settling the question, for none would be convinced by the others' arguments. All at once one young man seemed to become conscious of the old man's presence. He whirled around, and asked in a familiar tone, "Well, old gentleman, what do you think of these things?"

The traveller who had entered the hotel at the same time with the old gentleman, had heard the whole matter, and now he was surprised and the amazement of the young men was great. The old man then gave them his answer. For one hour he proved his eloquence, for he spoke to them earnestly, with perfect simplicity and pathos, of the religion of Jesus, following up each point of their own argument with such strong proof that they could find no room left for them now.

What a surprise to these high-minded young fellows. They wondered who this man was who could thus reply, and who had heard all their words.

A fear filled them that perhaps he was the man who had spoken from the pulpit and whose eloquent discourse they had used for the base of their discussion.

No, it was not [illegible] but it was Chief Justice Marshall who had addressed them. Now their time had come to think, and they went to their retirement somewhat sobered and defeated.

Satan often fills the mouths of men with rude arguments against the religion of Jesus, but God often has his man ready to testify against it and destroy Satan's work, and win from his ranks some precious souls for his kingdom of grace. Satan may be sly and active, but he is defeated after all, for God will cause his truth to prevail. He has his children scattered abroad to tell the wonderous story. God grant that many more such unexpected and convincing sermons may be preached to the young men.

The Convict's Dream.

The moon looked in on his lonely cell,
The barren floor, and the untouched fare,
And its holy veil on his wan face fell
And covered the pain and sin marks there.
And a smile, the first for many a day,
The first for many a weary year,
Crept over his lips as he sleeping lay
And banished the look of haunted fear.

He dreamed that, a boy again, he strayed
Afar in the glowing, dying wood;
The golden sunlight around him played.
And the ripe nuts fell with a pleasant thud.
Again a squirrel in fearsome fright
Sought shelter up in a whispering tree,
And a rabbit wild in its eager flight
Dashed into the bushes tremblingly.

And again, grown weary of wandering play,
He turns his steps to his welcome home,
Where a face as sweet as a sweet June day
Is smiling a greeting to her son.
My boy! My boy! and the lips close meet.
And she listens with earnest love-lit eyes,
While he tells of the day's work sad and sweet,
And his wonderful hope that in future lies.

But the moonlight fades—and he awakes.
For a moment a blank—and then a sob
From the white, drawn lips in anguish breaks
And tears his heart with a mighty throb.
His boyhood is past—the mother sleeps
Where his sob no answering love can wake,
And he thinks of his life and weeps and weeps
Till it seems that the bursting heart must break.

God pity him there! And pity the men
Who languish behind the prison wall,
Who look on the past through the eyes of sin,
And long for the love beyond recall.
Let thy love, like the moonlight, sweet and still,
Steal over them—bid their anguish cease—
And speak that word with a holy thrill:
"Behold, I forgive thee, brother. Peace!"

—[Selected by LYDIA GELLER.

GETTING HONEY FROM GALL.

During the year 1821 the great grandfather of the present emperor of Germany (Frederick William III., of Prussia) broke his leg. After a night of pain and sleeplessness, the first thing he did in the morning was to dictate an order to the commander of the fortress of Spandau for the release of a prisoner whose crime was publishing a libel against himself. Some one ventured to ask his Majesty the reason of this act of grace, and in one of his significantly terse sentences he replied that, being sleepless and in pain he had considered whether there was not some distress or pain that he could alleviate; and that, "as the prisoner in question was punishing himself, he felt at liberty to release him." Was not this a right, royal way to learn a lesson of affliction?

The Lily.

MRS. TRESSA R. ARNOLD, : : : : : EDITOR.
REV. T. B. ARNOLD, : : : : PUBLISHER.
104-106 Franklin Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

MAY HEAVEN'S BLESSING GLADDEN OUR NEW YEAR!

A LITTLE GIRL'S ANSWER.

A very little girl who was too young to read was visiting one day at her Grandma's. She had learned about God and his salvation. She had heard about the Holy Ghost, and many times she had heard her parents ask the Holy Ghost to dwell in their home, helping them to keep victory over the enemy of their souls. This little girl had never heard any bad language, but a great deal about salvation. She loved Jesus, she said, and wanted to see him in heaven some day. When she went to visit Grandma, she liked to see her put on her glasses and read. It was funny to read through glasses, but the beautiful Bible stories which Grandma told her after reading, pleased the little girl very much. Often she would take up a book and tell over some story as though she was reading it. This day she found a little book on Grandma's table. She had never seen it before, and she looked it all through very wisely, just as though she could read, then she looked up to Grandma, and said, "Why, this book is all about the Holy Ghost." "Is it! What is the Holy Ghost?" said Grandma. "The Holy Ghost, Grandma, is the one who gives us the victory," said the happy child. And she seemed so delighted with the book that she played a long time with it. This was a very wise answer about the Holy Ghost, and when Grandma told the family about it, they all thought the little girl was a wise teacher, and they believed too, that the Holy Ghost touched her childish heart and made her happy. We hope this little girl will always think as much about good things as she does now, and never fear to tell them to others. God is pleased to bless children, and many times they can lead souls to Christ when older ones fail. Children work for Jesus while you are small. You can do many little things for him.

CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE.

Dot had bright eyes and a dimpled face. She was generally cheerful and sunny. One day she did not feel very well, and everything seemed to go wrong in her play. She got hurt, and little sisters teased her, until she looked real cloudy. Her face wore a frown, and big tears stood in her eyes, and she seemed all sorrowful. Her mamma was sorry to have her little girl so sad, for she missed her happy looks.

"Come here my child," said mamma.

Dot moved along rather slowly, looking as though she could not hide her tears.

"Look out of the window. See how the clouds have covered the sun's face. Only a little while ago the sun was shining so bright through our window that I could hardly write without drawing the curtain. But now we cannot see the sun at all. The dark clouds have covered it, and I think we may see the rain drops against the window very soon," said mamma. By this time Dot had forgotten her sadness, she was so interested about the sun.

"It seems dreary when we do not see the sun shining, and it seems lonesome when my little girl does not smile and be cheerful. The clouds cover your face, and hide all your nice smiles. You just laugh now and be happy, and see how quickly the clouds will go away."

Dot began to smile. The dimples began to show and mamma said the clouds were going, and then Dot laughed hard, and all the dark clouds were gone. That was a funny lesson for Dot, but all day she kept thinking about the clouds and would not let them cover her face. Instead of a frowning girl she was a bright happy girl, and mamma was glad she had learned the lesson.

It is not always the very small children that wear cloudy faces. Sometimes older boys and girls frown and fret, and make it seem very cloudy in the family. Would it not be a good thing for them to learn the same lesson which Dot learned? If we had happy hearts and bright faces everywhere, our world would be better. Sin makes clouds, and Jesus can take it all away and send sunshine and peace instead. He was offered in death for us that all our needs may be supplied. We need not lack one thing to make us good. Jesus is the Sun of Righteousness, and we may always have him. No clouds can cover him, if we will let him come. Which will you have, clouds or sunshine?

The Niche in the Wall.

The cottage was tidy and little,
And full to the niche in the wall,
For the babies kept growing to toddlers,
And the toddlers to children small.

"How many?" you ask; "I will tell you.
Just count on your fingers and guess;
There were Dollie and Janie and Katie,
And Johnnie and Jimmie and Bess.

Do you think the father could love them,
So many to clothe and to feed?
And the mother, that weary with toiling,
Sits thinking of something they need—

And day after day she is turning
And seaming some garments too slim
To draw on the shoulders of Johnnie,
So over its made to fit Jim.

And oft when the night-lamp was burning,
And lit the low seats strong and small,
There would not be room for the turning
If 'twere not for the niche in the wall.

Yes, love held them safe in this shelter,
There never was one they could spare;
They trustingly called on their Master,
And made this their burden of prayer:

"Leave us the children, dear Father,
They are better than silver or gold;
Give us the strength to protect them,
Keeping them safe in love's fold."

So ever the morn brought a blessing,
And ever the eve brought a prayer,
For the six little children that gathered
In the home-nest so sacred and fair.

"But what shall we do with the baby,
This bundle of dimples and lace?
For I'm sure in this snug little cottage
There is not a twelve inch of space."

The children looked one to another,
And wondered what answer to make,
Determined to hold fast the baby
And stand closer for love and her sake.

But Jimmie had settled the question,
In his wee brain so tender and small,
So he slipped to his father and whispered:
"I'll stand in the niche in the wall!"

—*Selected.*

FELIX.

D. A. CATTON.

Felix was a governor in the land of Judea. He was a Roman and had been a slave, but was set free through the influence of Claudius Cæsar.

He is described by his historian as cruel, base, and very wicked. He married Drusilla, a Jewess, and she was sister to the younger Agrippa.

St. Paul having been sent to Cæsaear, then the seat of government, he heard him speak and was convinced that he was an innocent man. Yet he kept Paul a prisoner, hoping his friends would purchase his liberty.

They thought Paul taught a new religion, and Drusilla desired to hear him explain it, and Paul being summoned to appear before them, spoke so emphatically, and with so much boldness, on justice, truth, and the final judgment, that Felix could not sit still, but trembled so that those who were present witnessed his agitation.

He, however, stifled his convictions, and hastily ordered Paul sent back into the prison.

Two years after this, Felix was called to Rome, but he left Paul in confinement, because the wicked Jews desired him to do so. Here this man who had trembled on account of his sins, but did not repent and forsake them, was brought to trial for his evil administration, found guilty, and only escaped death through the effort made by one of his brothers who was a favorite with those who were in authority.

When the Spirit of God was at work upon the heart of the governor, so that he trembled, he might have embraced the truth and been saved; but like multitudes of others he said—"Go Thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season, I will call for Thee." That never came—and he died as he lived.

Perhaps some who read this account of a man who lived so long ago are doing just as Felix did, but do you desire to follow out his course? The convenient season is when God's Holy Spirit is upon you, causing you to tremble and sorrow for sin. Be warned against putting off the day of your salvation.

Can I Know.

D. A. CATTON.

And can I know, while here on earth,
My sins are all forgiven?
Can Jesus wash me in his blood,
And fit my soul for heaven?

Can I all through this world of woe,
Know Jesus is my friend?
And that he never will forsake,
But help me to the end?

And, O, is there for me a home,
A place of rest above?
That Jesus said He would prepare,
For all who faithful prove?

Yes, little children, too, may learn,
There is for them a rest
With Christ, where all the "pure in heart,"
Will evermore be blest.

PRAISE THE LORD, O MY SOUL!

"I Will Guide Thee With My Eye."

Psa. xxxii. 8.

O Saviour, whose mercy, serene in its kindness,
Has chastened my wanderings and guided my way,
Adored be the Power which illumined my blindness,
And weaned me from phantoms that smile to betray.

Enchanted with all that was dazzling and fair,
I followed the rainbow, I caught at the toy;
But still in displeasure Thy goodness was there,
Disappointing the hope and defeating the joy.

The blossom shone bright, but a worm was below;
The moonlight shone fair, there was blight in the beam;
Sweet whispered the breeze; but it whispered of woe;
And bitterness flowed in the soft-flowing stream.

So, cured of my folly, yet cured but in part,
I turned to the refuge Thy pity displayed;
And still did this eager and credulous heart
Weave visions of promise that bloomed but to fade.

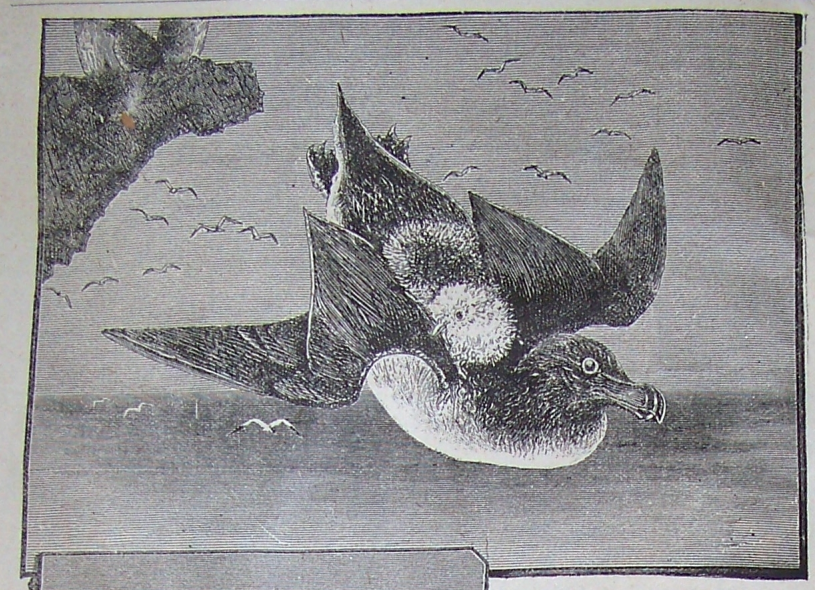
I thought that the course of the pilgrim to heaven
Would be bright as the Summer and glad as the morn;
Thou show'd'st me the path—it was dark and uneven,
All rugged with rock, and all tangled with thorn.

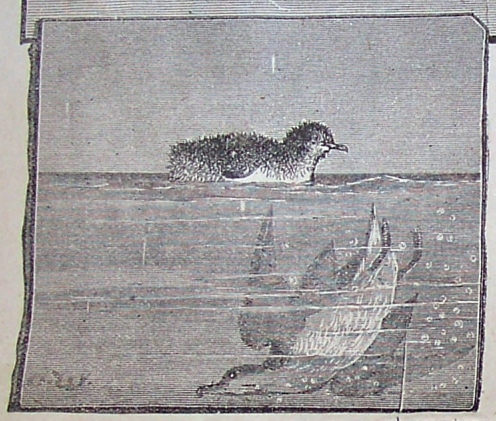
I dreamed of celestial rewards and renown,
I grasped at the triumph which blesses the brave;
I asked for the palm branch, the robe and the crown—
I asked, and Thou show'd'st me a cross and a grave!

Subdued and instructed, at length to Thy will
My hopes and my longings I fain would resign;
Oh, give me the heart that can wait and be still,
Nor know of a wish or a pleasure but Thine!

There are mansions exempted from sin and from woe,
But they stand in a region by mortals untrod;
There are rivers of joy, but they roll not below;
There is rest, but it dwells in the presence of God.

SIR ROBERT GRANT.





The Ship And The Sea Gull.

The brave old skipper walked the deck,
His daughter by his side.
As night came down with gloomy frown
Upon the waters wide.

And merrily the ship went on
Before the wind so free;
But the skipper knew that a storm was nigh
By the wash of the surging sea.

And the storm came out with a shriek and shout,
And the billows hissed and boiled,
As along their black and ridgy back
The good ship strained and toiled.

"O father dear," she cried, and clasped
The skipper's horny hand,
"I wish that we saw the lights on shore,
I wish we were near the land."

"Nay, nay, my child; when the storm is wild,
It is better far to be
Long leagues away from the shallow sands—
Away from the rocky lee."

There was no star in all the sky
To guide the lonely bark,
As on she drove before the storm,
So dreadful and so dark.

"Oh, is it a fancy, my father dear—
Do I wake or do I dream—
For in the lulling of the storm
I heard a strange, wild scream!"

The skipper grasped his daughter's arm,
And leaned with list'ning ear—
Upon the blast again swept past
The scream, so strange and clear.

"Down with the helm!" he shouted loud;
"Down, or we drive on shore!"
For I hear the screaming of the gull
Above the tempest's roar."

Down went the helm, round went the ship
With a heavy lurch and strain;
And away it sped from the shore so dread
To the open sea again.

"My daughter let us join to thank
Our Father dear in heaven,
Who unto us so many things
Hath in His mercy given.

"He sent that bird, whose scream we heard
Amid the stormy roar,
To tell us danger was at hand,
And warn us fron the shore.

"My daughter, there are thoughtless men,
And cruel ones as well,
Who slay the birds that on the shore
Of the wild ocean dwell.

"Ah, let them but remember, child,
That every bird they slay
Might, had it lived, have saved some ship,
In some wild night or day.

"So let us thank our God, who sent
These wild sea-birds to be
The friends of every one who sails
The wide and trackless sea."

R. P. S.

FIRE-WORSIPPERS.

ONE of the earliest forms of religious error is Sabianism, or the worship of the sun and of fire. The disciples of Zoroaster in Persia have adhered to it notwithstanding all the exertions of Mohamedanism. The fire-worshipers call themselves Behendies—"followers of the true faith." They live, for the most part, in the city of Yezd and province of Kerman. A body of them emigrated to Hindoostan, and their descendants are still to be found under the name Parsees. They are highly respected by Europeans and others, for their estimable qualities, and are the richest and most influential of the native citizens of Bombay. They recognize one omnipotent, invisible God—the creator and preserver of the universe; and have no idols of any description. The sacred fire, which they believe Zoroaster brought from heaven, is kept constantly burning, in sacred places, and fed with rare woods and spices. The Parsees took it with them to India, and affirm that the flame has never been extinguished. They often build their fires over subterranean fires; and one of their holiest spots is at Bakoo, on the Caspian Sea, where, for ages, without intermission, flames have issued from calcareous rocks. The precepts of their religion are contained in the Zend-Avasta. Zoroaster was a Bactrian by birth, and native tradition declares him to have been the son of Pourushaspa, and to have lived under a King Vistaspa who favored his doctrines, and who was supposed at one time to be Hystaspes, the father of the Persian monarch Darius.

HOW THE CHINESE WORSHIP.

THE principal way in which the Chinese worship their gods is by burning incense before them, offering them pieces of gilt or silvered paper, or by making sacrifices either of animals or of some other kind of food and drink. They also pray to them by burning their prayers, which have previously been writteno printed on paper.

The incense which they burn before their gods is principally sandal-wood. It has a pleasant odor when burned.

Is it not foolish of tnem to do this way, thinking these gods of stone and wood can help them and forgive their sins?

We must hasten to tell them of the true God, who alone can pardon sin.

ATONING FOR SIN IN CHINA.

WE have heard of a Chinaman who went to a medical missionary at a hospital at Shanghai, and begged to have his finger cut off. There was nothing whatever the matter with it, so he was asked what he meant. He replied: "I must lose this finger. If I burn it off with a candle, it will be far more painful than if you cut it off skillfully with your knife." "But why do you want it cut off?" "O I have been a great sinner, and I must atone for my sins in this way."

He explained that, along with a foreigner at Ningpo, in making a road he had removed a grave— an awful desecration in Chinese eyes. He had been troubled ever since by the sense of his sin and the fear of punishment. He said the foreigner had been punished severely: for, some time after, he was riding over a small bridge which gave way, so that he and his horse were pitched below, and he was killed. As for himself, trouble had followed him ever since; and he was now old, and dreaded worse evil after death. He was anxious to become a Buddhist priest, and work off his sin by gaining merit; but this was a necessary condition—that he must first part with his finger!

Another Chinaman who was in trouble because of his sin went to a missionary with a stick, and asked the missionary to take the stick and beat him, believing that if this were done he would be relieved of the burden of sin. Both of these men were told of a Savior who could take away sin, and we hope they found peace in believing in Jesus.—SELECTED.

A DEADLY POISON.

SHUT up in a sleeping room with one who is a tobacco-user, from six to twelve hours every night, who can wonder that many a wife is sick with some cause that seems serious? The wonder is that any woman or child can live so many years with this constant inhaling and infiltrating of the nicotine poison. "Not long since," says a writer, "I was walking in the city with a celebrated physician. As we passed a house surrounded with every evidence of wealth and refinement, he spoke: 'I have a patient in there, an idolized wife who is dying, and beyond all help; and none of them know what is the matter with her, and still her husband has killed her.'

"'Why, doctor,' said I, 'what do you mean?'

"'I mean just this,' said he; 'her husband is just literally steeped in tobacco, until the insensible perspiration from his body has become a deadly poison, and his wife has absorbed enough of this, and had before I was called in, so that she will die.'

"'Have you told them?'

"'No; what good? It would only add to their misery now.'

"'But, doctor, are you sure?'

"'Yes, I have seen such things before; some constitutions can bear the poison and some can not. Why just to give you an idea. I saw the experiment tried, among others, at an establishment where they treat patients for the cure of the tobacco habit.

"'A man just brought in was washed as clean as soap and water could make him, and then some flies were allowed to light on him. In five minutes they were dead. There was poison enough in the perspiration that came out of the man, washed as clean as possible, to kill.'"

—HARBINGER.

Strive to enter in at the strait gate: Luke xiii. 24.

"A CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

D. A. Catton.

Blanche and her little brother had the chicken-pox, and could not be taken to church on the Sabbath. Papa could stay with them while mamma went to meeting in the morning.

They had not lived long in their house, and a few things yet needed to be done before they were entirely settled. One thing that had been left was the fixtures for the window shades in the dining room.

While Blanche was amusing her little brother, papa thought he would see to the curtain fixtures. He was pounding, not very loud, with a small hammer, when Blanche appeared in the door-way, looking almost horrified.

"Papa, what are *you doing?*" she exclaimed. "Do you not read the Bible, and do you not know you are breaking one of God's commandments?" "Don't he say 'Remember the Sabbath day, and keep it holy?" "Why, papa, God will certainly be angry with you."

Her father feeling most keenly the reproof, put the hammer in its place, and left the work in which he was engaged.

In telling of what his little daughter had said to him, he said he needed the reproof she had given him; and that he had been more careful about the example he was setting before his children and in obeying God's commands.

Dear, thoughtful, little Blanche, I hope she will always faithfully reprove sin wheresoever she sees it, and lead many to forsake sin and turn to God.

"Do Your Gods Love You?"

"Do your gods love you?" asked a missionary of some Indians. "The gods never think of loving," was the cheerless answer. The missionary repeated the sixteenth verse of the third chapter of St. John's Gospel. "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." "Read it again,' said the arrested pagan. "That is large light—read it again." A third time the blessed words were repeated, and with this emphatic response; "That is true; I feel it."

A Prayer.

Ride forth, Almighty, and restore
This sin-cursed land from sin,
Come forth, thou Christ, and purge
These souls from all their inbred sin.

Show them the way of holiness
That they may shortly go
And stand with thee on Zion's hill,
And thus thy glory show.

Oh that this world might taste and see
The power of thy grace:
The hand of love that saves from sin
Would all mankind embrace.

Stretch forth thy mighty hand
And prove the power thou could'st reveal.
The heavens above shall shake and fall,
The sinner, pardon feel.

Samuel Gunter,
Ontario, Canada.

—o—

Brotherly Jack.

Good boys, real kind-hearted fellows are not all confined tothe story-books; and Jack Hershaw is one of them. Jack is one of the sort that are too big to be little boys, and not quite old enough to be young men—at the uninteresting age, as some would say.

One day last week Jack went out into the country some ten or twelve miles, with Mr. Cooper, one of the city engineers; and after a hard day's work wrote a letter to his little sister. The letter finished, he was about to set off to the post-office, three miles away, when Mr. Cooper asked him where he was going.

"To the post-office. I am sending a letter to my little sister," said Jack.

"But we expect to go home to-morrow night, Jack; and the post-office is three miles away,' said Mr. Cooper.

"But my little sister never got a letter her own self, and she will be so pleased," said Jack.

And Mr. Cooper did not discourage him any further. So off Jack went, three miles there and three miles back. If he was tired when he returned, he was paid a thousand times for his trouble next evening on reaching home—receiving, as he did, kisses and hugs by the score from the little sister, and by the approving glances from his mother, who had so much reason to be proud of him.—Selected.

GERTIE'S PLAN.

Gertie Swift was very thoughtful one day and at last she said to her mother, who was writing at her desk in the same room where the little girl was seated,—

"Mamma, I've been thinking about that sick girl across the road and wishing I could do something for her. It is such a long time ago since she could go outdoors, and she must be so tired of having to stay inside."

"Would you like to take her some flowers, dear, or a nice little jelly mould?" asked the mother interestedly.

"So many people take her flowers and good things to eat, but I never see any little girls going over there, and I was wondering if maybe she wouldn't like to have some one go and sit with her and tell her all about the things outside."

Mrs Swift smiled at her daughter's loving, wistful face, as she said:

"I think it is a very nice plan, dear. Suppose you put it into practice this afternoon. But I think you ought to start by taking something over first—that will make an opening for you. Ask Martha for a glass of my quince jelly, and take that."

An hour later, a flushed, rosy, sparkling face was thrust close beneath that of Mrs. Swift as she finished her writing, and an eager voice exclaimed:

"Oh, mamma, she was so glad! It's just what she's been longing for, but no one thought of it. And I'm to go every day at this time for an hour and tell her all the nice things I see outdoors. The doctor was there and he said it was the very best thing for her."

"My blessed little missionary!" said the mother, bestowing a soft kiss.

OUR PUBLICATIONS.

Sunday-School Publications.

The Pearl (Mo.) Pr. Qr.	3c.	Sunshine (Mo) Pr. Qr.	3c.
The Lily " "	3c.	Pure Words " "	3c.
Light & Life, Scholars' Qrly.	3c.	Light & Life Infant Cl. wk.	4c.
" " Teachers' "	5c.	" " " Lesson Leaf	1½c
Golden Treasures "	1c		

SINGLE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

The Pearl, The Lily, Pure Words, and Sunshine each Pr. Yr.	25c.	Teachers' Quarterly Pr. Yr.	25c.
The four to one address "	75c.	Scholars' " " "	20c.
		L. & L. Infant Class weekly	25c.

Entered as Second-class Matter at the Chicago Post-office.

Bunyan, John.

Life of John Bunyan. Portrait and Illustrations. New and Revised Edition. 12mo., cloth.....60

Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress from this World to that which is to come.

The Barnard-Linton Edition.

With 55 full-page illustrations by Frederick Barnard, J. D. Linton and others; quarto, elegant cloth, Boxed.....$1 50

The appearance of this handsome and artistic edition of Bunyan's immortal allegory at a moderate cost is well-timed. Few works lend themselves better to illustration, and the above-named artists have found a congenial subject in the vivid situations and clear-drawn characters of the book. 'We have waited for years for just such an edition as this."—Youth's Companion.

The Large Type Edition. A decided success. An elegant book for the eyes.

Type is this size.

Unabridged, fully illustrated and colored frontispiece, 8vo., cloth.....$1 50

Beveled cloth, full gilt edges and five extra colored plates.....$2 00

The Library Edition. Illustrated by Frederick Barnard and others. 12mo., cloth, gilt top.....$1 50

The Crown Edition. Fully illustrated. 12mo., cloth.....$1 25

The Dollar Edition. Forty excellent illustrations add value to this edition, bound in rich cloth, the cover printed in numerous colors. 12mo., cloth.....$1 00

The Scott Editions. With Explanatory Notes by Thomas Scott, D. D. 12mo., cloth.....$1 00

18mo., cloth.....50

The Children's Edition. A new edition. Complete with memoir and portrait of author. Numerous illustrations. 12mo., cloth.....50

We believe this to be the best edition of Pilgrim's Progress at the price on the market.

The Half-Dime Edition. Remarkably clear type for so small a volume. 192 pages. 48mo., paper..5

Bunyan's Holy War. Illustrated. 12mo., cloth..50

Large type edition, fully illustrated, 12mo., cloth.....$1 25

Spirit-Possession,

by H. M. Huguain autnor of Scrip and Staff, etc. Price, paper.....10

A vigorous exposition of Modern Spiritualism, from a Scriptural stand-point, the result of patient and prayerful investigation. Strongly commended by high religious and literary authority.

Roman Catholic Church in New York City,

The, and Public Land and Public Money. By Dexter A. Hawkins. 100 copies.....$ 5 00

By mail, each.....07

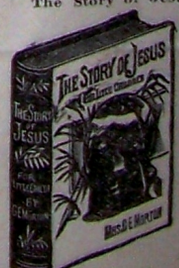
The Blue Bell.

The Mountain Daisy. Daily text-books for a year Dainty little souvenirs, only 1½ inches square. Illuminated paper covers, each.....10c.

*Elegantly and neatly bound in leather, with silk marker, gilt edges, round corners, each.....25c

Morton, Mrs. G. E.

The Story of Jesus for Little Children.



Very large print and profusely illustrated. Seventh Edition. 12mo., cloth..1.00

"A lovely book, and one that mothers and Sunday School teachers may well turn to account. By all means give the little ones this "Story of Jesus."—The Evangelist. (N. Y.)

"Mrs. Morton has done a none too easy work in a most creditable manner; we heartily commend it."—The Christian at Work.

"A successful attempt to adapt the life of Christ to the comprehension of children of four years and under. The charm of the story and the simplicity of the telling make this one of the very best books that can be given to a child."—The Observer. (N. Y.)

Address,

T. B. ARNOLD,

104-106 Franklin St., - - Chicago.

January, 1893.